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CONTENTS

PAGE

CHRISTIAN FAITH—FANTASY OR TRUTH?
Sermon by Harry Emerson Fosdick 171

PRAYER . . . . . *by* Harry Emerson Fosdick 176

ARE FOREIGN MISSIONS WORTH WHILE? 177

THE CHURCH REGISTER 180

CAN YOU GET ME A MAID? . . . . . *by* Mary Baker 182

MEN IN SERVICE 186

MEMBERSHIP OF RIVERSIDE CHURCH (An Editorial) 188

ILLUSTRATIONS

FRONTISPIECE 170

ILLUSTRATION 184

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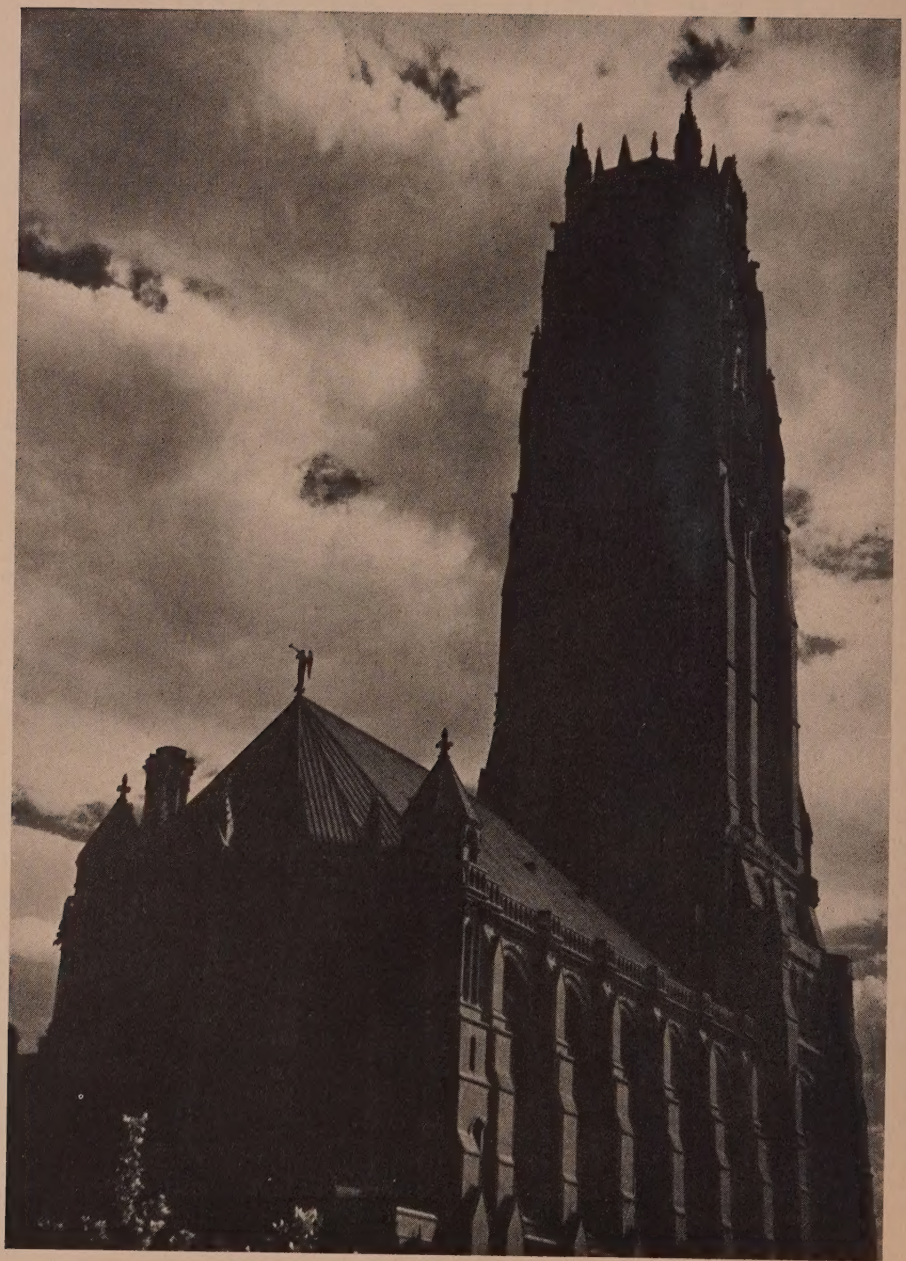

Photograph by Dodds Bunch

Christian Faith—Fantasy or Truth?

SERMON BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

FOR many reasons these are difficult days in which to hold the Christian faith. The major events of our time are so essentially anti-Christian that against their terrific background Christian faith seems to many to be mere wishful thinking, a pleasant fairyland. Indeed, its very desirableness is used as an argument against it. Granted, men say, that the Christian faith is comforting, sustaining, bringing solace and encouragement to men in trouble. But, they add, that is precisely the reason why the Christian faith has developed—not because it is objectively true but because it is subjectively comfortable. So in one book after another we are told that Christian faith is a lovely fantasy, creating a world of make-believe where men and women, up against cruel facts, find encouragement by fooling themselves. As one of Galsworthy's characters put it, "There *is* something about a Church . . . there's beauty in it, it's a pleasant drug."

No preacher today can plead for Christian faith because it is desirable without knowing that some in his congregation are thinking: To be sure it is; it is comforting and encouraging; that is why people are religious; the stark facts of this cruel universe and the dreadful ills of human life are insupportable for most of us unless we conceal them, dress them up, decorate them in some comforting faith. Did not one poor woman in Robert Lynd's *Middletown* exclaim, "Land sakes! I don't see how people live at all who don't cheer themselves up by thinkin' of God and Heaven"? That is the origin of religion, men say; it is an illusion that cries Cheerio! in our disappointed hours; it is spoofing on a grand scale. As one youth put it, "Religion is nothing but a chloroform mask into which the weak and unhappy stick their faces!"

Augustus Cæsar was barely five feet seven inches tall, pale and delicate, with a weak throat and poor circulation, who all his life had to live on a strict diet and constantly struggle against bodily frailty. Yet see what Augustus Cæsar did! Now one element in his amazing career is undoubtedly the fact that in youth he visited Theogenes, a famous astrologer, to have his horoscope cast, and when Theogenes saw the young man's horoscope, so runs the story, he was so impressed with the marvel of it that he fell on his face and worshipped him. You and I do not believe in astrology, but, you see, Augustus did. It was a superstition, but, being believed, it worked. All his later life, through difficulty, peril, burden-bearing, and inner struggle for self-conquest, he kept an undiscourageable faith in his destiny, which the stars had foretold. Such, men say, is Christian faith; it is a psychological shot in the arm, not objectively true but subjectively stimulating.

Over against this prevalent view we put today the testimony of the New Testament. The Fourth Gospel was written about 100 A. D., when the Christian church had had ample time to take the measure of Christ's meaning and to see his gospel against the back-

ground of one of the most difficult periods in human history. And at the heart of the Fourth Gospel, again and again repeated, is the conviction expressed in the words attributed to Jesus. Jesus said, "I am . . . the truth." Not a stimulating ideal merely, not a consoling faith, not a happy stroke of wishful thinking, but the realistic truth! Pretty much everything in our Christianity today depends on the issue we thus are faced with: What is our Christian faith—comforting fantasy, or reality?

All we can hope to do in dealing with so vast a subject here is to block out a few areas where the evidence lies that the Christianity of Christ is not a pleasant spiritual drug but is true.

In the first place, I should say, Since when has great religion been primarily pleasant and comfortable anyway? This whole picture of religion as mainly a search for comfort contradicts obvious facts. Look even at orthodox Christianity! Is it comfortable? Was Calvinism comfortable? Predestination, the damnation of non-elect infants, the eternal torture chamber of hell—there was small comfort in that, and some of us in our boyhood were driven by it nearly to hysteria. That is why Henry Ward Beecher had to challenge the orthodox religion of his day with its terrific doctrine of God, insisting, as he put it, that God is not a thunderstorm that has to be approached under an umbrella.

Of course, Christian faith can be caricatured. It is often perverted into a religion for comfort only, but the main tradition of Christian thought and life never has been primarily comfortable. The religion of Christ was not chiefly comfort. Without the cross we cannot understand him at all; in the cross his life and teaching centered. He had no light-hearted view of life that let him stay, pleasantly drugged, in Nazareth, but a heavy-handed, serious view of life that caused him to walk at last the dark road to Golgotha, saying to his disciples, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

What does one mean by talking, then, of religion's being a pleasant drug? Listen to Gandhi, one of the most serious religious spirits of our time, as he says of God: "He is the most exacting personage in the world and the world to come." Gandhi could have lived countless times over an easier, more peaceful life had he not believed so deeply in God and his purpose for India and the world. God has not so much saved Gandhi from trouble; God has got Gandhi into trouble. Everybody here who has ever had any serious dealings with faith in God knows what Gandhi means by calling him an "exacting personage."

To be sure, there is another side to Christian faith, represented in Whittier's lines:

> Drop thy still dews of quietness,
> Till all our strivings cease;
> Take from our souls the strain and stress,
> And let our ordered lives confess
> The beauty of thy peace.

Nevertheless, even Whittier's religion is not half expressed there. Whittier was first of all a social reformer. In his elder years, when he was a famous poet, he wrote this: "I set a higher value on my name as appended to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833 than on the title-page of any book." Many think of Whittier in mystical seclusion writing pious and consoling verse. We should think of him also in Concord, New Hampshire, going to speak at an anti-

slavery meeting, facing a crowd on the way that pelted him with rotten eggs until his black Quaker coat ran yellow with the stains. We should remember him bitterly hated, and lampooned for years in the press of the United States as a traitor. No, when we find a man who has deeply entered into the Christian faith, we find a man who has discovered not fallacious comfort but a deep, demanding seriousness in life. Great religion has always been not first of all a search for comfort, but a search for righteousness and truth.

In the second place, let us now go further and see that Christian faith at its best, far from being fantasy, meets one of the basic tests of reality. If in any realm we fulfill conditions and get results, if when we meet the law-abiding requirements the universe responds, we know that we are handling reality.

See! Behind this whole idea that Christian faith in God and in the creative power of the spirit is nothing but elaborate spoofing and wishful thinking, lies the presupposition that only the materialistic aspects of the universe are real. Men take for granted the physical cosmos and then say, Well, the spiritual is a mysterious something that we make up to comfort ourselves with. But, my friends, the physical aspects of the universe are just as mysterious as the spiritual. This whole physical structure is incredibly made up of negative and positive poles of invisible electricity, arranged in patterns of mathematical equations. My soul! how can any man take it for granted? As Balfour says, "We now know too much about matter to be materialists."

Nevertheless, we are sure that in dealing with the physical aspects of the universe we are dealing with reality, and for this reason: When in that realm we fulfill the law-abiding conditions, the universe responds. Something real is there. When Archimedes leaped from his bath and ran about the streets crying "Eureka," why the excitement? He was having one of the most thrilling experiences in human life. He had tried an experiment, the universe had responded to him, and he knew that he was dealing with reality. When Newton discerned that the movements of the heavenly bodies could be subsumed under one law and that his figures were working out correctly, he fell into an agitation so intense, we read, that he could not go on with the computations and "was obliged to desire a friend to finish them." His emotion was justified. He was trying an experiment, the universe was responding to him, and he knew that he was dealing with reality.

Well, throughout the ages, in all great religion, men have fulfilled conditions in the spiritual world and the spiritual world has given response—creative, transforming, powerful response. To be sure, religious ideas have changed, just as scientific ideas have changed, but in both realms great spirits have fulfilled conditions and the universe has responded to them. In both realms the cosmos has answered, saying, Something real is here. Indeed, out of that experience in the spiritual life have come the most towering characters in history, so that Benjamin Kidd, in his classic work on society, says that that kind of religion has been the most powerful element in the social progress of mankind. To laugh all that experience out of court as fantasy and spoofing is incredible.

Are not ideas real? Nobody ever saw them. They are not physical. An idea is as invisible as God and yet we

can discern what happens when the conditions are fulfilled in that unseen realm. As John Eglinton put it, "Without an idea man is frivolous, anarchic, dissatisfied, despicable. With an idea, the long-hoarded initiatives of his nature are liberated, he strains forward to new consummations." To explain away the world of ideas as our delusion, imagined to make this materialistic cosmos more meaningful, will not do. Whenever in any realm we fulfill conditions and the cosmos responds, we are dealing with reality.

Listen to Paul, praying that "ye may be strengthened with power through his Spirit in the inward man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; to the end that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled unto all the fulness of God." That does not sound like spoofing. That does not sound like a weak and unhappy man sticking his face in a chloroform mask. That sounds like a great character, fulfilling conditions in the spiritual world, to whom the spiritual world has made response. Innumerable souls across the ages, experiencing such response, have heard Christ saying clearly, "I am . . . the truth."

Let us go further now into a third area of evidence. Whenever in any realm we run across powerful personality—not now ideas in the abstract any longer, but personality itself, potent, creative, smiting the world with rememberable impact, one can have a fairly impressive confidence that he is handling the real.

I would not say that every idea my father had corresponded with the real. My father would not have said that himself. But my father was real, and were any one to argue that the essential factors producing that potent character were fantasy, self-deceit, and make-believe, that kind of argument would run into this insuperable difficulty: It must take more than fantasy, self-deceit, and make-believe to produce anything as real as that. To believe that so much reality can come from unreality calls for a credulity I cannot attain.

This attack on Christianity, therefore, as a chloroform mask, confronts its insuperable difficulty in Christ himself, and in people who have shared his spirit, his quality of character, his kind of life. My friends, it must take more than a chloroform mask to produce anything as real as that. The trouble, you see, with this new attack on the Christian faith is that it proves too much. It explains away as the result of self-deceit, not simply the great religious characters, but the great spiritual characters in every realm. For if this universe were basically materialistic, and all our spiritual life were but our endeavor to conceal, dress up, and decorate for our consolation the cruel facts, then that would be true not simply about religion but about art. That is what Joseph Krutch says, one of the most honest atheists of our time. "The world of art," he writes, "is a mimic world." So that is another chloroform mask into which the weak and unhappy stick their faces, and music is another, and poetry another, and love another. If once you let this argument get started, it does not stop with religion. It takes in art, music, poetry, love, the deepest faiths undergirding human personality, and the ultimate hopes of society. They are all engulfed in the same abysmal expla-

nation, as nothing but our comfortable way of making an intolerable world more livable. It would make even the supreme creative characters of history, the Platos, Beethovens, Michelangelos, great saints, great prophets, great lovers, great seers, and Christ over all, the greatest fools of all, most beguiled by fantasy, most misled by deceptive and consoling imaginations.

Well, any theory that makes the greatest characters the most deluded of the fools has something the matter with it. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*—out of nothing, nothing comes. That the noblest aspects of human life are mere creations of fantasy is an incredible creed. I have seen too many people who, coming under the influence of Christ and discovering through him not only ideals of character but resources of power, have been transformed, as Paul said, from character to character, ever to believe that creed. One who lives beside the ocean and sees the tide come in to fill bays and inlets as they never could fill themselves, cannot be persuaded that nothing real and deep is needed to explain that. What is happening in this little bay cannot be explained without the whole ocean and the gravitational pull of the skies upon it. Something real and eternal is evidenced in that rising tide. No more can we explain great character as due to mere delusion. There at least I hear Christ clearly say, "I am . . . the truth."

To one more area of evidence I ask your thought. Strangely enough, it is this present world itself—this terrible, upset, catastrophic world, trying to manage its affairs on anti-Christian principles. Many people, who would not have been concerned with philosophic arguments that the Christian faith and way of life are delusive, are thinking today that Christianity is delusive because this present hideous and diabolical world scene shows Christianity up as utterly impractical. To which I answer: The Christian way of life impractical? Do you think, then, that what is going on in the world today is practical? This demonic regime of anti-Christianity—would you call it practical—economically practical? in terms of human happiness—practical? in terms of hope for the kind of world our children will have to live in—practical? My friends, this world disaster with all the voices of its need cries out that unless we can achieve the hard-headed realism of the Christian ethic and put it into practise, we are personally and socially sunk.

Granted that religion can be the opiate of the people! As one of Warwick Deeping's characters says, "Anything to escape, to colour the spectacles." So some turn to drink and color the spectacles that way; some turn to drugs and sleep it off; some in daydreaming build an unreal world and live in it; some do turn to a religion of fantasy where wishful thinking takes possession of their lives. Their religion is a chloroform mask where, weak and unhappy, they stick their faces.

But, after all, it is a cheap and superficial habit to estimate great matters by their burlesques. We do not judge architecture by filling stations and wayside huts; we judge it by its great exhibitions. We do not judge music by its cheap and tawdry expressions; we judge it by its classic and abiding forms. What business have we to throw religion out of the window because of its caricatures? Great religion has been the source of the most creative ideas in human history. And today the Christian faith and ethic with its central principles—

(*Concluded on page 187*)

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Eternal Spirit, Who art ever more ready to hear than we are to pray, Who knowest our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking, behold us here, seeking in a common prayer light upon our ways, and strength within our hearts. Give us the listening ear, the responsive will, and bring such answer to each sincere prayer, as each of us severally needs.

We turn to Thee from the perplexities and uncertainties which daily beset us, and pray for relief from disquieting and cowardly fears. We are bewildered by the confusion of the world. We lose the way of certitude and self-control. We are tempted by petty annoyances, by despondency and doubt, and by the angry emotions of the world. The fear of doing wrong paralyzes the power to do right, and our decisions falter under the strain of apprehension and self-distrust. Restore to Thy servants the sanity and courage they sorely need, and banish the evil spirit of fear by the expulsive power of new faith, new affections, and new desires.

O Lord, beset as we are by misleading counsels and wicked practises, we pray for guidance in a straight way of life. The devices and duplicity of the world are familiar and enticing, the sophistries of the cynical, and the inclinations of our own hearts to self-deceit tempt us to lose the road, and many evil solicitations silence our consciences by their subtle persuasion. Give us, we pray, a firmer hold on Thine immutable laws of righteousness. Search our hearts and drive from them all indirection, equivocation, and pretense. Fortify our decision to live with sincerity, tranquillity, and self-effacement.

As thus we seek reinforcement and rectitude for our own lives, it is for the world's sake we pray. We would be true servants of Thy will in this troubled time. For this war-torn earth, devastated by violence, we lift our penitent and anxious supplication. Tyranny and hatred rule the world; the light of learning is put out; the liberty of human souls is taken from them; the hopes of the young are destroyed, and the spirit and teaching of Christ, in whom alone is hope for men and nations, are trampled underfoot.

Guide our nation in these days of difficult decision. Lord God Omnipotent, Who art above all nations, use us for Thy purposes; work in us a moving penitence and amendment of life; save us from the anarchy of unbridled nationalism; teach us alike the necessity and the wisdom of learning to be all one family, and through these turbulent days keep our minds and spirits steady. Especially may Thy church be true to her high vocation, that out of the travail of these terrific times, there may come a new birth of hope and justice and goodwill among men.

Now come close to hearts so troubled over their private griefs that they can hardly feel the grief of the world. See how discouraged and bereaved, smitten down and weary with life some of Thy servants are! We pray for a new spirit of triumph and hope. Thou canst send us out today saying, Bless the Lord O my soul! Thou canst reveal to us resources of power adequate to make us more than conquerors! For that we pray in the Spirit of Christ! Amen.

Are Foreign Missions Worth While?

PERHAPS some of our readers are disposed to raise this question. It is perhaps raised more frequently now than heretofore because of the political confusion that prevails abroad. Here is a story of a very recent and very vivid experience of a young American, a son of Dr. Charles Gilkey of Chicago who is frequently the guest preacher in the Riverside pulpit. The letter is from Langdon Gilkey to his family and through the good offices of Dr. Fosdick we have secured permission to print it. The writer of the letter graduated from Harvard in June, 1940, and is teaching in Yenching University, Peking. It seems to us like a strikingly forceful answer to the question, Are Foreign Missions Worth While?

Presbyterian Mission
Paotingfu, Hopei
January 21, 1941

DEAR FAMILY:

I know you will be greatly surprised to get this letter from me written from this famous mission. It all came about through the kindness of Nancy who, when she realized that I had no place to go during our three weeks' vacation after exams, asked me to come down here with her for a week to visit her brother Bill who is superintendent doctor at the Mission hospital here. You can imagine how I snapped it up! And what a worth-while as well as pleasant trip it is turning out to be.

Although here we are only ninety miles on the railroad from Peking, still we are certainly far enough for me, at least, to feel that we have completely left the relatively Westernized life there and are really out in the mission field as it is at its rawest. This is a town of about 100,000, with only one mechanized industry, and with the inevitable high (80 feet), thick (100 feet at end) walls and moat (both built about 900 A. D.) around it. The compound in which are this mission, its main church and its hospital, and where we are living, is about half a mile west of the city walls. On the south side about the same distance from the walls, but placed in a fairly large settlement, are the huge Catholic and American Board Missions. The former also has a hospital and the latter has a fine big middle school. We have been over to the American Board place twice since we got here on Saturday, once to a foreign church service in one missionary's home (a man who studied under Uncle Frank Gunsaulus) led by a tall German Salvation Army man and his wife; extraordinarily friendly, nice and really Christian people in their work and contacts with others here in China, but violent Nazis —nobody here can see how he reconciles the two. Yesterday we went again, this time for lunch.

Two things are great fun about being here. The first is that unlike Peking Paoting seems to have been touched very little by the West so that one feels a real contact with China as it was when one wanders through its streets and suburbs. Add to this the fact that coming soon is their great festival time—Chinese New Year—which for them combines in about a week of celebration all that we put into Christmas, Fourth of July, etc. Thus all the shops are decked with brightly colored papier-

mâché kites, figures, etc., and everything is very lively. I hope to get some good pictures of street scenes, etc. The second bit of excitement on the trip is the fact that through some as yet unknown cause they are able to play tennis down here right through the winter. Thus every afternoon we wrap up in numerous sweaters and have some good tennis. Bill, out of Princeton about fifteen years ago, plays a good game, and Mr. Hubbard of the American Board, and Wally Merwin, the young head missionary here, are all good—so we have a grand time. It's surprising how soon one forgets the cold and gets into the game just as if it were summer.

But, of course, these things are really minor compared to the great experience of seeing how a mission works and of for the first time getting a chance to appreciate the devotion and sacrifice of these people. I got that feeling for the first time the day after we got here when we walked for two miles across the brown, barren, dusty and very windy plain to the old compound where the members of this mission were burned in the Boxer days. Seeing that simple memorial surrounded as it is by the foundations of the mission houses, one was certainly hit by a feeling that here at least were contemporary martyrs, and also that with only forty years separating the present from that date the people who work here now are certainly in no different class. One suddenly becomes aware of the fact that both are pioneers, and so that, unlike our American scene, that term is not reserved for our ancestors alone. This truth is brought out fairly slowly as one learns the astounding facts about the lives of these people, facts which they take so much for granted that one has to pump and pump to get at them. I think that in this mission, at least, the two most striking examples of the devotion and selflessness that are prerequisites for this work are two maiden ladies whom I have only just met. Undoubtedly Fundamentalist in their beliefs and certainly Victorian in their codes, yet they have the drive to spend almost all the year traveling alone through the rural area, that is from town to town and from farmhouse to farmhouse, preaching the gospel, distributing pamphlets, and doing what social work they can manage. They take a vacation from this sort of work only during the coldest part of winter, and so spend only about two or three weeks a year at the Mission base where we are living. Nancy told me that their usual scheme is to start singing in the street somewhat as our Salvation Army friends in the Randolph Street Station do; only here that sort of goings on collects a crowd. When the crowd is collected, then these missionaries start their preaching. No pulpit, no attentive congregation, just an ordinary soap box and a lazy loitering crowd; and when that is done, the job takes one to the next town to begin all over again; and the only time one sees foreigners is during that two weeks' vacation! As you can see, I was impressed!

This unusual life of devotion is not confined, however, to those many missionaries who pedal through the rice fields to get to their country parishes. Right here in the mission itself with these two young men, neither over thirty-five, lives are being devoted to duty. One might not have felt that so keenly a year or more ago, when the compound was teeming with the nine children of these two, and when they could not miss any social life because their wives were here. But now with

these same wives and children in America for an indefinite period, with more than half the houses of the compound closed because only "essentials" are allowed to stay, and with only the older mission folk as company, these men too are living lives compared to which those of even settlement workers in the shabbiest districts are luxurious and social. Outwardly all this seems by our ordinary standards a very desolate life: no real circle of friends, none of the ordinary forms of amusement, no let-up in a rigorous and thorough-going asceticism, no turnover of companions and so of ideas (except from books which are very hard to get) —really nothing but the sea of Chinese on all sides. And yet inwardly there is evidently something potent that keeps them thrilled and excited about their work, that keeps them even from considering going home when all their families have left perhaps for good, and keeps them plugging away even though the odds against their work mount daily.

Although I doubt if it is the whole story, part of this potency to which I refer must come from the results which they are unquestionably getting. On this particular subject it's easier, of course, to speak of the medical work. Yesterday Bill took us around his hospital here in the compound. Equipped for about ninety patients at once, it has home-made laboratories, a fine X-ray outfit, operating room and apparently all the required apparatus. Wandering through the various wards, always chock-full of patients with all manner of diseases, one could not help feeling that here was *one great* contribution that missions had given; here diseases far beyond the ken of the superstitious medicine of Asia were daily being treated and cured. One felt this even more when one saw the look of mixed wonder and gratitude on the faces of these patients and their families when Bill would walk into the room. If a young doctor wants to feel that he is working where he is needed and appreciated, China is the place for him to go! The demand is tremendous—only in the few spots where missions and the like have been able to penetrate, are there trained men; and the supply is almost laughably inadequate.

One also realizes how far these doctors must have progressed to have so gained the confidence of these people. An example of this confidence occurred yesterday when we were in the operating room. A fifteen-year-old boy whose leg had been crushed by a door was brought in by his frantic father. At first, after he had looked at the foot Bill was afraid he would have to amputate, and so he asked the father's permission. Confused, and not understanding anything about the whole thing, the bewildered father could only answer, "Anything you say!" over and over again. When I realized what his relative ignorance of the hospital must have been, I saw how much of the confidence of these people these doctors had earned to get that answer. And then that afternoon, when, one hour and a half late for our tennis game, Bill came out tired but quite thrilled saying that he had saved the boy's leg, I knew why he was out here!

Love to you all,

L. B. G.

The Church Register

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. James Hoge
April 13, 1941
Warren McClamroch Hoge

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Cayten
May 17, 1941
Charles Gene Cayten

To Captain and Mrs. James D. Strong
June 19, 1941
Roger Strong

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson
April 11, 1941
William Ramsdell Wilson

To Mr. and Mrs. David A. Rockefeller
July 24, 1941
David A. Rockefeller, Jr.

To Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Hall
July 25, 1941
Natalie Grace Hall

Dedications

Francis Alice Howell
April 8, 1941
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Briley W. Howell

Walter Herbert Koch, Jr.
June 1, 1941
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Koch

Marriages

Eugene A. White—Barbara Miller
May 31, 1941—New York City—Rev. Fred White

Harold Galt Gelwicks—Helen Katherine Sasse
June 5, 1941—Union Seminary Chapel—Dr. Carder

Hobart A. H. Cook—Florence Palmer Weicker
June 21, 1941—Greenwich, Conn.—Dr. Carder

Herbert W. Gasque—Beatrice Schoonmaker
July 5, 1941—Christ Methodist Church—
Dr. Ralph W. Sockman

Ambrose L. Cram, Jr.—Mary Frances Bestor
July 5, 1941—Chautauqua, New York—Dr. Carder

Tuckerman Chapin—Carol Earle
July 13, 1941—Yonkers, New York—Dr. Fosdick

In the Chapel

John W. Boothrody—Margaret T. King
May 30, 1941—Rev. Harry Ver Strate

Edward R. Benner—Edna Rosalie Wolfertz
May 31, 1941—Rev. Richard Rittner

John Gilman—Catherine C. Close
June 4, 1941—Rev. Eugene E. House

Victor Y. Z. Yung—Lena L. F. Lieu
June 7, 1941—Dr. D. J. Fleming

Joseph Richard Troxell—Barbara Rogers Davis
July 12, 1941—Rev. N. Eugene Kirchner

William W. Patton—Helen Anne Buss
July 22, 1941—Rev. Edward C. Boynton

E. Jerome Batcheller—Norma Josephine Chappell
April 8, 1941

Richard J. Butterfield—Mary Nelson Hart
April 17, 1941

Richard Boring Snow—Emma Louise Folger
April 26, 1941

Andrew Taylor Leckie—Mabel E. Hutchinson
May 2, 1941

Abner R. Hanig—Margery M. Smith
May 2, 1941

Martin Gula—Henrietta B. Rybczynski
May 10, 1941

Clifton C. Lehmann—Ella M. Gorham
May 10, 1941

Robert Stewart Andrews—Helen Louise Porter
May 29, 1941

John Elderkin Bell—Elisabeth Anderson Samuel
May 31, 1941

Thomas Kelvin Fitzpatrick—Beverley Trosdal Way
May 31, 1941

James Huston Westover—Jane Weaver
June 2, 1941

Minister—Dr. Fosdick

Herbert S. Comstock, Jr.—Doris H. Redman
April 10, 1941

Fred W. Heller—Katherine I. Nelsen
April 12, 1941

Dean Russell Griffith, Jr.—Virginia May Thomure
April 13, 1941

John Sewall Rogers—Hazel Irene Bowen
April 14, 1941

Arthur D. Rissmiller, Jr.—Rebecca B. Wellons
April 25, 1941

William Henderson Clifford—
Elizabeth Whitney Kanolt
May 24, 1941

Emerson Andrew Chapin, Jr.—
Kathryn May Hartman
May 30, 1941

Richard Duer Waters—Sally Vass
June 6, 1941

John Robert Miller—Dorothy C. Prothro
June 7, 1941

Alton Stackpole Pope—Gladys May Spaulding
June 7, 1941

Solomon Wency Mun Ho Leung—Ann Yu-Tseng Hsi
June 11, 1941

Roger Jay Farthing—Mary Eloise Smith
June 18, 1941

Peter Archie Campbell—Elizabeth Blalock Black
June 20, 1941

John Song—Isabel Kim
June 21, 1941

Fred Conace—Ruth Carle
June 22, 1941

Harold M. Stanley—M. Louisa Loveless
June 25, 1941
Winston Bernard Braxton—Marjorie Cammett Hill
June 27, 1941
Leslie Beall—Doris A. Baker
June 28, 1941
Ward Addison Sperry—Marie Helen Patterson
June 28, 1941
Spencer Phillips—Lillian VanVranken Howell
June 28, 1941
Robert Frederick Phillips—
Winifred Cameron Dewey
June 28, 1941
Minister—Dr. Carder

Wendell Fayette Rasco—
Laverne Catherine Singerline
April 5, 1941
William Harry Pfaffle—Hope Parker Ingols
April 12, 1941
Henry Schock—Margaret M. Miller
April 20, 1941
George Walter Smith, Jr.—Ruth Bishop Wynns
May 22, 1941
Merlin Eugene Carlock—Gertrude Ellen Tupper
July 3, 1941
Raymond Iva Schnittke—Joanne Lillian Leonard
July 3, 1941
John William Ogletree—
Marguerite Yolande Gallaher
July 5, 1941
Sol Oestreicher—Lillian M. Baker
July 12, 1941
Minister—Dr. Hellstrom

New Members

Voted Into the Membership of The Riverside Church on April 9, 1941

Miss Ellen Aladin
Bruce Baetzner
Mrs. Marie Baetzner
Ralph Patten Baker
Carl Bauman, Jr.
Misses Louise and Virginia Beresheim
Donald and Malcolm Blair
Mr. and Mrs. John E. Blair
John Cooper Bland
James H. Brinckerhoff, Jr.
Mrs. J. Howard Brinckerhoff
Walter M. Burgess
Miss Betty Campbell
James A. Chase
George Chynoweth
Hans Theodore David
Miss Nina Dolan
Miss Lorina E. Doorly
Mr. Harold and Miss May Downey
Robert Appleton Evison
Mrs. Earl Fleischman
Harvey C. Gardner
Arsenia S. Gest
Mrs. Gertrude and Miss Inge Gottwald
Taylor B. Grant
Charles Haase
Edwin F. Hallenbeck, II
Miss Marjorie Anne Hollis
Courtland Hoornbeek
Miss Carol Johnson
Enos Loggan Keezel, Jr.
Miss Jean Kines
Miss Dorothy and Mrs. George Kinkel
Miss Edna May Miller
Miss Mary Jane Ogden
Ralph M. Perhac
Richard W. Petze
Frank Martin Pilzer
Miss Dorothy C. Prothro
Mrs. Antonio Ramos
Miss Beatrice Rees
Miss Passie O. Saperstein
Miss Margaret M. Saunders
Miss Joan Schlenker
Warner Soelling
Miss Virginia Lee Somerby
Dr. and Mrs. George C. Tallerday
Miss Roberta R. Trilling
Miss Mary J. Triplett
Miss Yvonne Wall
Harry Walling
Miss Marion L. White
Miss Madeleine Wolferz
R. Burroughs Wood
Miss Barbara Worsinger

Voted Into the Membership of The Riverside Church on May 28, 1941

Miss Ellen Albin
Mrs. Howard Barber
Miss Miriam O. Beck
Misses Dorothy and Elizabeth Boese
Kenneth Crombie
Miss Mary C. Flagg
Mrs. Annie M. Hubley
Dr. and Mrs. Henry S. Waters

In Memoriam

Dr. George R. Baker
Mrs. Rodrigo Bonilla
Mr. Prescott Lecky
Mrs. Joseph McCord
Mr. Robert C. A. Peterson
Miss Helen Samson
Col. C. M. D. Townsend
Miss Frida von Unwerth

▽ ▽ ▽

Can You Get Me a Maid?

By Mary Baker

"This is Mrs. Brown speaking. Can you get me a maid?" Her voice over the busy Kennedy Employment Service telephone wire was worried.

"You see," she explained, "I've just been offered a job starting the first of next week but, of course, I can't accept it until I know that I have a good person to take over the housework and the care of the baby. I'm not fussy as long as she is someone I can trust absolutely as far as the baby is concerned."

"I certainly hope we have the right person for you, Mrs. Brown. What would be her duties?"

"Well, we have a four-room apartment and I have been doing all of the work myself so that I know the housework won't take a great deal of time."

"Will there be laundry?"

"We send the linen out but my husband is very particular about his shirts and, of course, there are some things for the baby."

"What hours had you planned on?"

"Well, I would have to be at my office at nine o'clock in the morning and therefore I would want the girl to be here right after eight o'clock so that I would know that everything was started before I left. It is awfully hard to say just what time she could leave at night because my husband's a doctor and some nights he gets home late so that the dinner hour is flexible."

"Would you want a girl every day?"

"No, not Sundays, although we sometimes go away for the week-end and I would like to have her available whenever we needed her. I don't care about color or nationality or age, provided she's clean and reliable and nice with the baby."

"How much would you want to pay?"

"Well, of course, I am only going to earn $25 a week myself so I couldn't afford to spend very much. Do you think you could get me someone within the next couple of days so that I could make plans about my own job?"

Mrs. Brown was distressed at first when we told her that we would find it hard to meet her requirements for an amount which she could afford to spend. However, when she thought about the definite specifications as to hours and duties which she expected from her own new employer, and when we told her what kind and how much service she could reasonably hope for at a price within her budget, she was able to work out a plan to have a capable girl to care for her baby and to do light housework from 8 to 5:30 five days a week.

Finding just the right maid or cook for a particular family is interesting and satisfying work because a genial, pleasant working relationship between family members and domestic employees can contribute a great deal to the smooth functioning of home and family life. There are many things to be taken into consideration in filling a domestic job. Every family situation differs in its requirements, and the personal characteristics as well as the work experience of the employee are also important.

But well-qualified maids are not

plentiful and Mrs. Brown's call illustrates some of the problems which lie behind the much-discussed shortage of good domestic help.

Factors in the Shortage of Domestic Help

Since World War I, and especially since the restrictions on immigration to this country, there has been a dwindling supply of domestic help and an increased demand for it. (Even during the worst of the depression, it was never the trained domestic worker who was long out of employment.) Girls and women had found it possible during the 1920's to enter business and industrial jobs where hours were regular and shorter than in domestic work. Such experience left them unequipped, both psychologically and in homemaking skills, to work in domestic jobs. During the day of widespread unemployment, women tried to supplement their husbands' income, or meet their total lack of income, by taking day work of various kinds, when the ages of their children permitted. There was, and still is, a fairly steady demand and supply of day work. At the same time, the chronic shortage of full-time trained domestic workers still persists while most young people growing up to working age are not interested in considering domestic work as a vocation.

One of the most outstanding disadvantages of domestic work, from the young jobseeker's point of view, is well illustrated by Mrs. Brown's request for a maid to work an unpredictable number of hours a day and an unpredictable number of days a week. This lack of standardized hours which is likely to play havoc with the worker's personal life is not true of industrial jobs and causes many young girls to choose factory work which may be monotonous and insecure but which is at least scheduled by the clock.

Everybody is willing to admit that a home cannot be run like a business between 9 and 5. A home requires three meals a day, care of children at all hours and flexibility in meeting changes of schedule from day to day. On the other hand, it is possible to work out a weekly, rather than daily, schedule which requires a certain number of hours of work a week to be distributed during the week in whatever way the employer and the employee plan it together.

This plan has been experimented with by a number of interested women in the Women's City Club. A committee drew up a standard of a 60-hour work week. Two hours of time "on call" during the day when the worker could rest except for answering doorbell and telephone, were to be counted as one hour's working time. Three hours in the evening, when the worker's only responsibility was being at home with a sleeping child, was counted as one hour of work. Sixty hours work a week were scheduled by these individual employers together with their employees for a trial period of six months. They were, naturally, intelligent and liberal employers, or they would not have submitted to such an experiment in the first place. They knew themselves to be "good employers" by all the standards in the community. And they were shocked, when they had actually to schedule time, to find that a 60-hour week represented *reduction* in hours for their employees. Considering the fact that most businesses operate on a 40 to 48-hour work week, it becomes obvious that length of hours is perhaps the one greatest deterrent factor in keeping

Illustration Courtesy of The New Yorker Magazine

". . . AND FINALLY I GOT THE MOST WONDERFUL PART-TIME MAID BY CALLING KENNEDY EMPLOYMENT SERVICE AT GRAMERCY 5-1915"

girls out of domestic service. The girls themselves tell us that not only the length of the hours deters them but the fact that they cannot schedule dates and carry on a private life of their own. Even engagements made for their regular days off often have to be broken if the employer's plans change and she asks the worker to "take Friday this week instead of Thursday." As for being able to plan which evenings the employer will be home and the worker can go out—that's out of the question. A schedule of hours does improve this, can still be kept relatively flexible, and has been proved possible.

Another difficulty from the domestic employee's point of view is that of estimating in advance just what kind of a job she is undertaking. She has no way of telling until she is on the job if it will be the "light housework" that has been described to her. Even when she has found out by experience what a job involves, there is still no standard of how much time and effort a particular aspect of the work requires which can be used as a yardstick for estimating her performance. Since every household situation differs in the combination of work required and since each household worker differs from others in ability, it would be of real assistance to both employer and employee if some enterprising group of housekeepers were to try to evolve some general average for various household tasks in the same way that the standards of work for the average stenographer can be estimated.

Wages for domestic workers vary a great deal for the same type of work. This is particularly true in regard to day work but is probably not a large factor in the shortage of other domestic help because the shortage itself serves to maintain a fairly high level of pay for well-qualified full-time workers. However, in view of the long and irregular hours, a similar weekly remuneration from a factory job is often more attractive, even though meals are not included.

The social stigma that many girls who accept domestic work feel among their own neighbors is a factor much less easy to examine than the others, but as important as any of them in preventing young people from entering domestic

employment. It is built up out of a great many attitudes which can only be changed slowly and over a long period of time. Part of this undoubtedly derives from the fact that long hours and unstandardized working conditions detract from the dignity of the job. When sweatshop conditions existed in the clothing industry, even though not all employers used sweatshop methods, this occupation too was looked down upon. As working conditions for domestic workers are improved the self-respect and social standing of the workers will also improve. Part of this attitude also comes from a carryover of the old European attitude of distinction between the class which serves and the class which is served. We do a great deal of talking about keeping away from class lines in this country and the more success we have in translating this talk into practice, the more we will be getting at a solution of this problem in domestic work.

Domestic employment is the stepchild of labor legislation. Most legislation specifically excludes domestic employment, both because it is so unstandardized and because its inclusion would make it almost impossible to get it passed by any legislature. Domestic employees are not covered by unemployment insurance, old age security, minimum wage or maximum hour laws, or even by workmen's compensation. (There are a few states where a beginning has been made but New York is not one of them.) For the past four years bills have been introduced in the New York State Legislature which would make a start at legislative control of hours, wages, and compensation for injury on the job in this field. The organizations sponsoring these bills have recently felt that a start can best be made with the bill requiring workmen's compensation, since this is the part most clearly and tangibly to the advantage of the employer. Many employers already carry insurance voluntarily to cover their household employees.

The remedies for all these deficiencies in domestic employment do not lie entirely in legislation, but in a combination of legal protections and individual understanding. The Kennedy Employment Service is interested in both parts of the program and is outlining the problem here to bring it to the attention of all of our Riverside Church employers. There is no single answer to any one factor of it, and the solution is still to be worked out. It will take all that a forward-looking and genuinely concerned group of intelligent women employers can do to find the answers gradually.

KENNEDY EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

GRamercy 5-1915

Applicants available for business, industrial and household positions. (We can rarely supply living-in domestic help.)

Applicants for positions are registered only when referred by social workers of the three sponsors—Riverside Church, Grace Church and the Community Service Society.

Men in Service

The Riverside Church

THIRTY-SIX men from the congregation of The Riverside Church are in the armed forces of the United States. We list here the names of these men with the latest information we have as to the particular branches of the service to which they are assigned. We request the coöperation of all members of the congregation, including the men themselves, in furnishing us with information about the men of our church who go into the military or naval service.

J. C. Barrington (Contb. Member)
Camp Pratt
Pleasant Plains, Staten Island

Richard Bosworth
16th Coast Artillery, Battery A
Fort DeRussy
Honolulu, Hawaii

Capt. Harmon E. Broyles
74 C. A.
Fort Monroe, Virginia

Robert Chalmers
21 Beacon Avenue
Auburn, Maine
(No other address available at present)

David Colson
Camp Blanding, Florida

Richard Thomas Cowden
1729 Queens Lane, Apt. 120
Arlington, Virginia

Richard Crane
Engineers Replacement Center
Fort Belvoir, Virginia

Hugh Croly
102nd Cavalry
Fort Jackson, South Carolina

Lieut. Walter deForest
New York Port of Embarkation
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ray Devoluy
U. S. Naval Depot
Brooklyn Navy Yard

Edward Feilke
34th Inf., 8th Division
Fort Jackson, South Carolina

Michael Fritz
Headquarters Battery
First Battalion, 7th Coast Artillery
Fort Hancock, Perth Amboy, New Jersey

William Gettel
Co. L, 8th Q.M. Reg.
Camp Lee, Virginia

Ralph Horner
29th Inf. Service Co.
4th Div. H. Q. V. M. P. Co.
Fort Benning, Georgia

Ensign Huston Huffman
U. S. Naval Reserve
U. S. Navy Yard, Brooklyn, New York

Ensign Moore Peters Huffman
U. S. Naval Reserve
Newport, Rhode Island

Dr. Robert Hume
Camp Davis
Wilmington, North Carolina

Deacon C. Hunt
1249 Simpson Street
New York, New York
(No other address available at present)

Gordon L. Jorgensen
Battery C, 11th Battalion, 4th Regiment
Field Artillery Replacement Center
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

Reid Jorgensen
Hq. and Hq., 4th Field Artillery Battalion
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

John Kurka
Co. B, 39th Inf. Training Battalion
Camp Croft, South Carolina

Lieut. Lewis Leisinger
Fort Monmouth, New Jersey

Chaplain Morris M. Leonard
269 Argonne Avenue
Long Beach, California

Merwin John McClement
26th Infantry Training Battalion, Company C
Camp Croft, South Carolina

William S. McNeil
26th Infantry Training Battalion, Company C
Camp Croft, South Carolina

Major E. B. Moore (Contb. Member)
Erie Proving Ground
LaCarne, Ohio

Alan G. Overton
Room 223, Building 703, N. A. S.
Cadet Barracks
Jacksonville, Florida

Sgt. Winthrop Rockefeller
Company M, 26th Infantry
Fort Devens, Massachusetts

David Schechtman
Company C
Camp Upton
Riverhead, New York

Rudolph Gerhart Seelig
149 Center Street
San Rafael, California

DAVID SIMBOLI
Company 31, U. S. Naval Training Station
Newport, Rhode Island

CAPT. JAMES D. STRONG
618 Beverly Drive
Alexandria, Virginia

JOHN B. TERRILL, JR.
Fort George Wright
Washington

MASON WOOLFORD, JR.
28th Field Artillery
Att. Medical Corps, 8th Division
Fort Jackson, South Carolina

GEORGE S. WORTHINGTON
Headquarters Battery, 1st Battalion
74th Coast Artillery A. A.
Fort Monroe, Virginia

ARTHUR ZEVITAS
"A" Battery, 22nd Field Artillery Battalion
Armored Division
Pine Camp, N. Y.

SERMON

(*Concluded from page 175*)

the sacredness of personality, the inescapable membership of all mankind in one body, the absolute necessity, therefore, of goodwill not as an ideal but as a working principle, the need of individual regeneration if we are to have a regenerate society, the call to seek first the Kingdom of God on earth, that is, the welfare of all, if there is to be any welfare for each, and the reality of God himself, above all nations, races, and classes, calling for one human family—this religion is no fantasy, no opiate. Rather, look at the mad world today, trying to live on the opposite principles, and see if the closing words of Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount, as Dr. Moffatt translates them, do not ring true: "Everyone who listens to these words of mine and acts upon them will be like a sensible man, who built his house on rock."

Well, in the New Testament the very words "ideal" and "idealism" are not to be found. They are not there. But the word "truth" is there again and again. The Christian gospel was not idealism but realism, not a message, first of all, about what ought to be, but about what is. God *is*, Christ *is* his revealer, man *is* the child of the Eternal Spirit, there *is* an eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ, all men *are* inextricably members of one body, love *is* the law of life—such are the basic realities.

Surely some of us need to take this to ourselves. We are growing older. Forty years old, fifty years old, sixty years old—the decades pass, and with the years, by an inevitable drift, we are thinking about life one way or another. Happy the man who with the passing years is more and more persuaded that what Christ stands for is the truth!

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon February 2, 1941.

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MEMBERSHIP OF RIVERSIDE CHURCH

A recent study of our records discloses some interesting facts concerning the geographical distribution of the congregation as to their places of residence, proportion of men to women, etc.

The total active membership is 3,334. The men number 1,250, and the women 2,084. There are 330 regular members who live outside metropolitan New York, that is, above Ossining and in other states throughout the country. Twenty-three members are actually residing in foreign countries, in missionary fields for the most part, a number that would be much greater in normal times.

One factor that is particularly significant is the very large number of our members who can be designated as residents of the Upper West Side. This is in no sense a disparagement of other parts of New York—East Side, Long Island, Staten Island, and the Bronx—as desirable residential areas or their residents as desirable members of Riverside Church. It simply indicates that in addition to the place our church has in the city at large it has a particularly large following in its immediate vicinity. This is a consideration that gives very great reality to our claim to recognition as a community church rather than as a strictly denominational institution.

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The Church Monthly

VOLUME 15 — *October, 1941* — NUMBER 10

CONTENTS

PAGE

A Clean Life in a Soiled World
Sermon by Harry Emerson Fosdick 191

Prayer . . . . . *by* Harry Emerson Fosdick 197

The Church School Staff 198

Seven Wednesday Evenings With Dr. Fosdick 200

The Church Register 201

Keeping in Touch 202

Poem . . . . . *by* Rabindranath Tagore 203

Acknowledgment 203

Officers and Committees of Riverside Church Organizations 204

Index to Volume XV 206

Catching Up (An Editorial) 208

ILLUSTRATION

Solitude 190

▽

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SOLITUDE

A Clean Life in a Soiled World

Sermon by Harry Emerson Fosdick

Never before until this sermon have I preached upon the familiar Biblical figure of speech to which I ask your thought—the deep experiences of the religious life as cleansing. Water has two uses. The first of them, the quenching of thirst, is commonly employed to represent a satisfying spiritual experience. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." But water has another use. Says the Psalmist,

> Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,
> And cleanse me from my sin.

Says Isaiah: "Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes." Cries Jeremiah: "O Jerusalem, wash thy heart from wickedness!" In the New Testament, whether it is Jesus saying "Ye are clean because of the word which I have spoken unto you," or Paul saying "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness," or John rejoicing in God's power to "cleanse us from all unrighteousness," this second use of water is everywhere familiar as a picture of what a genuine religious experience does to the soul.

Why, then, does it occur to a preacher now, for the first time, to deal with this aspect of our spiritual life? Not because the experience is new; it is old. Not because the need of it is new; it is ancient. But surely because the need of cleansing today, if we are to live well at all, is emphatic, obvious, imperative. This is a dirty world. We can no more go out into it and not gather soil and defilement on our lives than we can escape the dirtying of our hands and faces. Every day we live in this world we are stained by its befoulment, and if ever men and women needed the cleansing experiences of the spiritual life, it is now.

That is a true saying of the New Testament: "Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world." Practical usefulness and moral cleanness are two essential elements in genuine religion's expression. But "unspotted from the world"—how can that be? We cannot live for an hour, and even physically be unspotted from the world. As Charles Lamb said to a small boy, "If dirt was trumps what a hand you'd hold!" No more can we avoid the unconscious accumulation of stain and soil upon our souls, from the smut, the prejudices, the bitterness, the hatreds, the irascibilities, the fears, the discouragements of the world. If in any real sense we are to be "unspotted," it will be because we have resources for cleansing, inner experiences of the soul that bathe us from the sullying dirt of life.

How utterly inadequate in this regard has been our ordinary idea of sin! Commonly we think of sin as something we choose, a deliberate and wrong decision of our wills. Yet how much of our moral evil is not that at all! We do not choose it. We unconsciously accumulate it. We are as unaware of its coming upon us and clinging to us as of the dirt that gets upon our hands and faces. The air is full of it. The world is

unclean with it. Not alone when we will it and deliberately choose it, but when we do not know it, dirt accumulates. Sometimes the New Testament calls sin, as the Greek word has it, *hamartia*, a missing of the mark, as though one tried to shoot straight and failed. Sometimes the New Testament calls sin transgression, deliberately breaking the law. But, in the New Testament, sin is not always consciously trying and failing; it is not always deliberately breaking the law. How much of our moral evil is defilement! We do not know when we get it. We go out into the world and come back with it, clinging to us, sullying us, befouling our souls. We dreadfully need to be cleansed.

Someone may say, But look at this earth today, with its gigantic social and international problems! What an inadequate ideal is this the preacher pleads for, that we should try to live personally clean of the world's stain! That is far too narrow, negative, and individualistic an aim to matter much. Yet, my friend, consider! Lately reading a biographical sketch of Corot, the French painter, I gained a new conception of the man. He was born in 1796, in the fearful interim between the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars; he grew up amid international upheavals that shook the world; and he lived at last to see the Prussians in 1870 conquer Paris, and cut down for firewood the lovely forests that had been his glory. He lived in a dreadful era for France. Then comes this sentence from his biographer: "He grew up in a generation of blood and thunder, of ambition and intolerance and hatred and dishonesty and revenge. But his character remained untainted by the savage stupidities of his age." Was that achievement a little thing? At least, that gave us Corot—something beautiful and permanent left from all the mad unreason of a time whose famous names, if now remembered, are a byword and derision. It is not all a man's duty, but it is not a little thing to live in an age of blood and thunder, of ambition and intolerance and hatred and dishonesty and revenge, with a character untainted by the savage stupidities of one's age.

As we try to understand the cleansing experiences of the spiritual life that make this possible, consider, in the first place, that whether we have called these experiences religious or not, we all have had them. Everyone here knows what it means to have his soul sullied by a foul world, until he has felt unkempt and unclean, and then to come upon some cleansing experience that has left his spirit, as it were, bathed and purified.

Once on a spring day in the Connecticut hills I saw a scarlet tanager playing in a full-blown dogwood tree. I was very soiled that day with the tarnish and stain of life. I am not aware that I had deliberately chosen wrong, but I had accumulated defilement upon my soul—depression, disgust, resentment, irritation. Who can live in a world like this without gathering such soil upon his spirit? Then came that day amid the hills, and a scarlet tanager playing in a flowering dogwood tree, and what had thus, without my volition, sullied my life, was, without my volition, washed away. Who does not need this purifying effect of beauty in nature or music or books?

Or carry the illustration of this experience into another realm. Here is a youth struggling with his passions. Why did God give us bodies whose

urgent demands so often make war upon the best interests of the spirit? Moreover, as though that were not enough, see how we gather from a foul world, without wanting to, without being able to avoid it, like dirt that is in the air, obscenities that defile the imagination, and make temptation doubly difficult! Then this youth, let us say, so soiled, remembers some home, where, even in a strange city like this, he would be welcome, a lovely home, where womanhood is honored, where childhood is happy, where marriage is sacred, and the relationships of the sexes are elevated, dignified, and beautiful. What wise youth in his hour of need has not found cleansing in such a home, as though the stain of the world, which, without his willing it he had gathered, were, beyond his power to rid himself of it, washed away, and the old prayer was for a time at least answered, "Create in me a clean heart, O God"?

Everyone here understands this kind of experience. Sometimes one knows in advance that a sermon will meet the case of only a few, but today I am talking to everyone, men and women, young and old, in every kind of task, vocation, and estate, tarnished, soiled, sullied, needing cleansing. And to know where to find these cleansing experiences when no scarlet tanager or even lovely home is immediately available, how to find them in the depths of one's own soul, in communion with the Eternal Spirit, is not a little thing.

From the standpoint of happiness it is no small matter. How miserable long-gathered soil and dirt can make our bodies! How wretched the sullying accumulation of life's defilement can make our souls! Often in a confessional conference one deals with this situation. One can see that for a long time the soil of an unclean world has been gathering on this man or woman—bitterness, resentment, fear, cynicism, discouragement—not deliberately chosen, but unconsciously accumulated, so that one is all sympathy, and has no word of blame—no word of blame except this: that this person has tried to find a satisfying life in a dirty world, without the cleansing experiences. It cannot be done.

If happiness is involved, surely health is. Dirt is the best friend of disease. It gives disease its great chance. What disasters befall mankind because of accumulated filthiness! So, if any one here today is happy and healthy in his inner life, we may be sure that somewhere he has found cleansing experiences. Even if he has not called them religious, they have been there.

We go further now to note that this is one of religion's specialties. My skeptical friend, you may deny many things in official religion; many items in the formal creeds you may disbelieve; superstitions you may denounce, and practises associated with the churches you may condemn, and it well may be that we would cordially agree with you. But one thing you may not deny—that the deep experiences of the religious life at its best have been cleansing to the souls of men.

This world is a soiled place, but that is not the whole truth. Dirt is here, but water is here also. Two elements are in this strange mixture of our experience, the one soiling us, the other cleansing us. We are not left without resource—not in the spirit any more than in the body.

Today I am pleading for the deliberate use of the techniques and methods of the Christian religion in meeting this need, a need never more real and imperative than it is this year.

For example, a man goes out into this world and inevitably accumulates prejudice, uncharitableness, ill will. How can he help it? The air is full of it. A friend writes me that at a local American Legion Convention one merchant, wishing to curry favor, displayed a large sign in his window, reading, "I am 100% American—I hate all foreigners!" Across the street a competitor, not wishing to be outdone, displayed an even larger sign, reading, "I am a 200% American—I hate everybody!" Who of us does not sometimes come home at night feeling as if he needed a bath from the bitterness, the uncharitableness, the prejudice, the contentious ill will that has sullied his soul?

When a man's spirit is thus unclean, nothing can be well with him. Long ago the Latin poet Horace said: "Unless the vessel is clean, whatever you pour into it turns sour." So, into our lives, unclean with the disgust, uncharitableness and meanness we have accumulated, it makes no difference what we pour; it all turns sour. Nothing can be right within us until we are cleansed.

Now the experience of worship, when it is real, brings such cleansing, whether in the church or in some quiet hour of solitude where the soul alone faces the Eternal Spirit.

In this regard, Professor Whitehead of Harvard is right that "Religion is what the individual does with his own solitariness." So Elijah, a disillusioned and disgusted servant of the common good, his spirit grimy with despondency and resentfulness, went out to the cave on Mount Horeb, where, after the tempest, the earthquake and the fire, came a "still small voice. And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood." Without that cleansing experience Elijah would have been finished, but from it he went back again clean and strong.

See, says such an hour of insight and worship, you too are one of these human beings, concerning whom you feel disgust. You are not free yourself from a single one of the faults that mar our common human nature. "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" "Judge not, that ye be not judged." *That* is cleansing.

See, says such an hour of worship, all we human beings share a common lot, born out of the same mystery and ending in the same grave. We have grown up on this planet, dissevered, alienated, developing far asunder our peculiar qualities, and now thrown together we are having a dreadful time trying to be one human family under one God. But ill will does not help. Only intelligent understanding, patience and goodwill dissolve the prejudices that embitter life. *That* is cleansing.

See, says such an hour of worship, whatever superiority you possess you have no right to be proud of. You received it. It was sacrificed for before you were born. You are the beneficiary of a grace that you did not earn and cannot merit. The cross of Christ represents not his sacrifice alone, but countless others', whose outpouring of life gave you all that most you pride yourself upon. Not pride for yourself and disgust for others, but humility and gratitude become you well. *That* is cleansing.

Such experiences of real worship, where the soul stands before the God of all mankind and is washed of meanness,

we all need. Whittier's sonnet describes how such an experience came to him:

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellowmen,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave!

That was cleansing.

In another realm let us try to make this experience real! Inevitably in a world like this we pick up grossness, vulgarity, moral dirtyness. No one can help it. Professor William Lyon Phelps, speaking of realistic modern novels that with unabashed frankness use all the words that represent the accumulated smut of human life, said: "I read *The Grapes of Wrath* through from beginning to end, and did not need to look up the meaning of a single word. I knew them all." Well, to my astonishment, so did I, and often wondered where I had picked them up. One does not so much deliberately choose vulgarity as one unconsciously accumulates it.

One of our public leaders has said that the 1930's in the United States would be remembered as the "dirty decade." I am not sure of that. In the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1827 was this: "A glance at our country and its present moral condition fills the mind with alarming apprehensions. . . . Ignorance, licentiousness, and a disregard for all moral laws prevail in our communities." In this regard there never have been any good old times. Nevertheless, there has been in our day a downright deliberate immoralism, an argued denial of the difference between right and wrong, a forthright defense of loose, lax, undisciplined living, to whose effect no one of us can be wholly immune. Men and women have declared that they were going to be free persons, and have interpreted that to mean, Do as you please! Give all the instincts gangway, without restraint or discipline! But, my friends, mark that phrase, a *free person*. There are two words there, not one, and the second is the basic noun. One cannot be a free person until he is first of all a person. We cannot rip the adjective and the noun apart as though the adjective matters and the noun does not. If one is really to be a free person, he must first of all be a person, and one can never be a real person on the basis of lax, loose, undisciplined, unharnessed vulgar living. The free person is one who, like Corot, can live in a day of blood and thunder, his character untainted by the savage stupidities of his age. He alone is free.

That achievement is impossible in the moral realm without resources of cleansing, without those inner spiritual companionships that purify the soul. We recognize the distinctive quality in those who know that secret. They are in the world, but not of it. They plunge into every task that others undertake, shun no contacts that effective life demands, and count nothing human alien to them, but they have, unseen within them, pools of cleansing, so that when a new day begins they come forth again washed and cleansed. Deep within them are Christian ideas about

respect for personality, Christian faiths about the infinite value of the human soul and its possibilities, Christian habits of meditation and solitary prayer, Christian experiences of contrition and forgiveness, inner companionships by which the spirit is made strong and clean again.

When one sees a fine boy or girl starting out in life, one thinks of this. "Unspotted from the world," says the New Testament, but in one sense that is an impossible ideal. You cannot keep that child unspotted from the world. In a sense you do not want to keep him so. You want him to plunge into life and touch it at every vital place. But one thing a wise father or mother may well desire, pray for, and seek to supply—that that child should know where the cleansing experiences are—Christian faiths, ideals, ideas, standards, practises of worship, interior companionships that keep a life uncontaminated even in a world of blood and thunder.

Each of us for himself must finish this sermon now and make the application of its truth. What is it that you have accumulated on your soul of this world's befoulment? One does not blame you. But this world that out of deep and desperate want cries for help, needs men and women who, in some inner spring of cleansing, day by day can wash away the bitterness, the uncharitableness, the moral dirtyness, the discouragement, the cynicism, that accumulate.

Indeed, throughout this sermon when I have mentioned Corot, I have really thought of Christ. He lived in a time of blood and thunder, of ambition and intolerance and hatred and dishonesty and revenge. His was a foul world, too. And if today he still towers high, not so much back in history as ahead of us, leading the way, this thing we have been speaking of is an indispensable part of the reason. Listen to him: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye cleanse the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full from extortion and excess. Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first the inside of the cup and of the platter, that the outside thereof may become clean also."

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon October 27, 1940.

▽ ▽ ▽

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Eternal Spirit, hope of the souls that seek Thee, strength of the souls that find Thee, grant to all our spirits the refreshment and renewal that they deeply need. Through another week the world has towered above us with its huge problems, and assailed us with its turbulent forces, and we within ourselves have grown anxious, fearful, perplexed, inadequate. We need some shepherd to lead us in green pastures, and beside the still waters, restoring our souls. Surprise us today with some unexpected gift of Thy grace, some needed insight and guidance, some vision of new possibilities, some fresh resource of strength, and reason for courage. Let this visit to Thy sanctuary be to some of us the beginning of a new era, as though once more Thy miracle was wrought in us, and at the burning bush Thy voice said again, "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Amid the tragedy of the world we thank Thee for the light that does shine, for the beauty and loveliness that still are real, for the spiritual grace and strength that stand unconquered, for homes and friendships, for undefeated character, for power and gentleness combined, for men and women of unshaken faith and humane living. Join us to their company. In a world where there are problems enough, make our personal lives not part of the problem, but part of the answer.

Into out heartfelt intercession the whole world comes, for we are members one of another. We cannot be saved alone; we must be saved together. Our joint sin, we confess, as individuals and as nations, has brought upon us our joint disaster, and only our common penitence and amendment can bring hope to the earth at last. Give us the grace of sincere and transforming repentance. Give us honesty to see and face our sins against our own souls, against our fellowmen, and Thee. O Lord have mercy upon us all, for the hand of war is heavy upon the world and the days are dark.

For the hungry and imprisoned, the embattled and the enslaved, we pray. Here in the sanctuary of the One God of all mankind, we lift our prayer higher than our personal emotions, higher than our personal and national self-interest, and plead for Thy kingdom's coming in the world, making of all Thy children one family. For the preservation of liberty, for the opportunity still to be free souls, for the redemption of democracy from its failures, for the establishment of a just and lasting peace, we lift our hearts to Thee, O God.

Come close now to every one of us in his most private need. Some of us are proud, and in our pride our ruin is foretold, unless Thou dost humble and chasten us. Some of us are humiliated, cast down and crestfallen, and need Thy mending lest we all together perish. Be Thou our helper! In temptation succor us, in bereavement comfort us, in fear encourage us, in doubt enlighten us, and let the blessing of the Lord, our God, be upon us all.

We ask in the Spirit of Christ. Amen.

The Church School Staff

FOR most of us the last week-end in September marks the end of the Summer, the end of vacations, the last few days in the country before opening up our city apartments, the final opportunity to do the hundred and one things that in the Spring we had planned to do during the long summer months. For the Church School the last week-end in September has but one meaning, Conference Week-End.

Since last Easter Dr. Hellstrom has been recruiting his staff for the 1941-1942 season—signing up the regular teachers before they left for the summer holidays; interviewing others to fill the vacancies; and preparing for the Opening Conference. We depend upon the conference very largely to enable the members of the Staff through basic discussions, program planning, some play, and worship together to acquire the sense of unity and fellowship essential to effective work. Many of them are new to the Church, the Church School and each other.

This year the conference was held at the Hudson Labor School, West Park, New York, September 26-28. Not all the assistant teachers were recruited in time for the conference, but the following list gives a pretty complete picture of the staff for the year.

Riverside Church School Staff

Office

Dr. C. Ivar Hellstrom
Miss Ida Phoebe Keen
Mrs. Walter H. Koch

Nursery-Kindergarten

Miss Ruth Perry, *Supervisor*
Miss Madeline Arduino
Miss Elsa Barnouw
Mrs. Lurton Blassingame
Mrs. Edna Charles
Miss Dorothy Gerow
Miss Mary Haynes
Miss Phyllis Mann
Miss Betty Oldershaw
Miss Marion Sharrocks
Miss Virginia Somerby
Mrs. Michael Zolotareff

Primary

Mrs. Jeanette Perkins Brown, *Supervisor*
Mrs. Elizabeth Allstrom
Mrs. Joyce Bullard
Miss Ida Jo Fuller
Miss Jean Hardy
Miss Margaret Lorimer
Miss Minna Luckey
Mrs. Romaine Mackie
Mrs. Norman Parker
Miss Necie Pope
Miss Pearl Shipley
Mrs. Arnold Southcott
Miss Virginia Woods
Miss Dorothy Wright
Miss Phyllis Wright

Junior

Mrs. Sophia L. Fahs, *Supervisor*
Mrs. E. M. Carman
Mrs. George Cornish
Miss Sally Dunning
Miss Lucy Eisenhart
Miss Emily F. Ellis
Miss Margaret Gale
Miss Hattie Jarman
Miss Edna Jennison
Miss Irene Mayo
Mrs. Frances S. Riggs
Mrs. Emily Schlenker
Mrs. Betty Fleming Smith
Miss Mary Syroka
Mrs. Mary C. Walker, *Office Asst.*

Junior High

Mrs. Douglas Horton, *Supervisor*
Miss Ada Belle Bodine
Mr. Merlin Ditmar
Mrs. Margaret Edwards
Mr. James Glyer
Miss Gwan-yuen Li
Miss Anita Snell
Dr. Earle Terman
Mr. George Williams

Senior High

Mrs. C. Ivar Hellstrom, *Supervisor*
Miss Gertrude Fagan
Mr. Thaddeus Malinowski
Mr. Robert Manning
Mr. John Morton
Mr. Carl Smith
Mrs. Waldo E. Stephens
Mrs. Maxine McK. Thornton
Miss Catherine Trawick
Mr. John Wolf

Psychologist

Miss Eva Lewis Smith

Undergraduate Group

Mr. E. McClung Fleming

Parents' Classes

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Exman
Mr. and Mrs. David Scott

Philosophy Group

Dr. William A. Shimer

Parents' Fellowship

Mr. Frank Somerby, *President*

Arts and Crafts

Mrs. Alma C. Guillet

Bible Study Group

Dr. and Mrs. Jacob H. Quiring

Physical Education

Mr. Robert Bigley
Miss Lillian Mallory
Miss Louise Follmer

Seven Wednesday Evenings With Dr. Fosdick

THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH

October 8—November 26, 1941

Lectures and Questionnaires on

PUZZLING BOOKS OF THE BIBLE

AUDITORIUM — EIGHT O'CLOCK

OCTOBER 8

I—*The Second Isaiah* (Chapters 40-55)

Among the noblest, most influential passages in the Bible written by an anonymous prophet, during the Babylonian exile, who turned a disastrous situation into spiritual gain.

OCTOBER 15

II—*The Book of Ruth*

A brief historical novel with a purpose; a charming love story, that was also one of the first great attacks in human history on the iniquity of racial prejudice.

OCTOBER 22

III—*The Book of Esther*

The glorification of jingoistic nationalism, without a single reference to God or religion in it, nor a single character that one can wholeheartedly admire—how did it come to be in the Bible?

NOVEMBER 5

IV—*The Book of Jonah*

A plea for internationalism; a powerful attack on ancient Jewish isolationists; and one of the major forerunners in the Old Testament of the ethics of Jesus.

NOVEMBER 12

V—*The Book of Daniel*

A call for courage in a desperate time; an appeal for faith and stout morale against all defeatism; one of the most tonic books from the ancient world.

NOVEMBER 19

VI—*The Gospel of John*

An endeavor to present Jesus to the non-Jewish world; a portrait of the Master, intended to counteract Gentile misunderstandings of him; one of the most radical reinterpretations of a personality ever written.

NOVEMBER 26

VII—*The Book of Revelation*

An affirmation of unconquerable faith in a dismaying era, written by a man who believed in the eternal when the temporal was appalling and who, himself in a concentration camp on a Mediterranean island, wrote the words of the "Hallelujah Chorus."

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October 29 is omitted from this program, because it is reserved for Church Night, preparatory for the November Communion. The lectures in this course will mean most to those who have read the various books first.

The Church Register

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bergeret
June 13, 1941
Lucilla Josephine Bergeret

Marriages

John Haddon—Myrtle Grell
August 30, 1941—Rutherford, N. J.

Theodore Thornton—Maxine McKinley
September 13, 1941—Union Seminary Chapel

In the Chapel

John McConnell—Tressa Jane Meyer
August 15, 1941—Dr. William S. Meyer

Lon D. MacWethy—Zeola E. Munk
August 7, 1941

Gordon Rees Weaver—Donna Lee Stephens
August 7, 1941

William Richard Landis—Eleanor Pursons Cole
August 8, 1941

William C. Griffith—Lola L. Lemley
August 9, 1941

Richard Gray Davis—Barbara Bird Carman
August 9, 1941

Kenneth Field Crombie—Maude Estelle Butler
August 9, 1941

Leslie Merle—Mary Martin
August 9, 1941

Robert K. Minard—Katherine Kranixfield
August 14, 1941

Stuart Machlin—Evangeline Lewis
August 14, 1941

Donald C. Schubel—Anne Marie Rohde
August 16, 1941

James Howard Murch—Pauline Miller Kinney
August 16, 1941

James Lowry Dale—Emma Mae Hedgepeth
August 23, 1941

Jay Fred Walker—Anne D. Kittredge
August 23, 1941

Harry Douglas Gilbert—Antoinette Krakewsky
August 23, 1941

Lockwood Towne—Annamarie Kelm
August 26, 1941

Orville Johnson Bellis—Dorothy McKay McAdoo
August 28, 1941

William Adolph Beran—Geneva Mae Blanchard
August 29, 1941

Eldon Lester Armstrong, Jr.—Jane Adams
August 30, 1941

Xavier Socrates Newman—Anna Verker Cloud
August 30, 1941

Henry Cavendish—Margaret McKenney
September 27, 1941

Richard Theodore Talpey—
Florence Delia McCarthy
September 29, 1941
Minister—Dr. Carder

Stanley Stack—Esther Bochinski
September 13, 1941

Paul Evrard Van Wulven—Jewell Glenn
September 19, 1941

James Noel Mooney—Carol Marion Williams
October 1, 1941

Geri Vartarian—Doris Ross
October 3, 1941

Frederick Siebel—Winifred Ann Vaughn
October 4, 1941
Minister—Dr. Hellstrom

Roger Powell Lyon—Cecile Burke-Hennessy
October 4, 1941
Minister—Dr. Fosdick

In Memoriam

Mrs. Bernard A. Berling
Mrs. Robert Biederman
Russell Colgate
Miss Mary E. Dann
Miss Marie Dusenbury
Mrs. Emma Fellowes
Henry D. Hervey
Dr. Ludwig Kast
Mrs. Arthur B. MacFarlane
Samuel A. Rutledge
Robert A. Shaw

Keeping in Touch

PERHAPS no question is more frequently asked about The Riverside Church than "How do you keep in touch with such a large congregation?" The following excerpt from a midsummer bulletin of the Riverside Guild is part of the answer. The Guild is our young people's organization. Similar bulletins and letters are constantly going out to members of organized groups in the church, and each of them reveals a lively interest in the comings and goings of the members. Taken together they represent a generous cross-section of the entire congregation.

SUMMER HORIZONS

We're not exactly strutting with pride BUT did you know that it is now SERGEANT FEILKE! After becoming Corporal with great rapidity, our indomitable ED has become the first Sergeant in his Company! Congratulations! ED should have been at the dance on Thursday to hear the big hand that the folks gave him.

Here's some more news from him—to quote a recent letter: "Did I tell you we put on a show for the boys while we were on the rifle range? . . . The play went over with a bang. The Colonel was there and the Adjutant—it just had to be good, or else! (We bet it was with our veteran of Guild plays in the cast!) One of our enlisted men from Kentucky is a preacher. Not ordained, just honest, homespun, mountain stuff. Every once in a while, usually at twilight, he calls us together behind the fourth barracks and with his Bible in hand lets us have it. And is the boy sincere, and maybe he doesn't have an effect on the men! His meetings are non-sectarian, he welcomes all—he's a real Christian!"

Excerpts from other letters worthy of note are:

ONE FROM BETTE WALLACE

"Just leaving lovely Nantucket after a short stay. Driving around Cape Cod. Then to Plymouth and Boston with its historic surroundings. All this in one short week and then home to Pennsylvania. In addition to enjoying the scenery, I'm helping a friend drive a convertible, Ford, of course."

AND ONE FROM IVAN STROUGH

"Greetings, Guilders! Am enjoying an enforced musician's vacation of three months. (1) Skyline Drive to Williamsburg, Va.; (2) Lymme, N. H., over the 4th; (3) Just completed motor-tour of New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and magnificent Cape Breton Island. Now exploring Nova Scotia. Best Blessings."

On the home front the ticker tells us that PRIVATE JOHN KURKA was at the dance on August 14. He's in Pennsylvania now and will leave soon for Virginia. IVY DUFTON has been making an automobile trip to Chicago and then South.

LORINA DOORLY is the new chairman of Reception for 1941-42, the ticker buzzes, and DICK DEHONEY will be in charge of the Monthly Dinners.

Join the jaunt to Bronx Zoo on Saturday afternoon, September 6. See the elephants and snakes and drink pink lemonade.

Well, Summer is almost over, folks. The leaves are starting to fall, the

swallows to fly in flocks. We're looking forward to seeing you all back soon, brown as berries and full of health. Meanwhile, happy Labor Day to you, and may you make the most of the precious days and moments left!

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Thou hast made me known to friends whom I knew not.
Thou hast given me seats in homes not my own.
Thou hast brought the distant near and made a brother of the stranger.
I am uneasy at heart when I have to leave my accustomed shelter. I forget that there abides the old in the new, that there Thou also abidest.
Through birth and death, in this world or in others, wherever Thou leadest me, it is Thou, the one companion of my endless life, who ever linkest my heart with bonds of joy to the unfamiliar.
When one knows Thee, then alien there is none. Then no door is shut.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Many of our friends have expressed interest in the picture, "Springtime in the Church Garden," which appeared in the May issue of THE CHURCH MONTHLY. We wish to take this occasion to express our appreciation to the photographers, George Loft and his brother, Abram Loft. Mr. George Loft wrote, "We are pleased to donate the use of this photograph for THE CHURCH MONTHLY in appreciation of the significance to the community which the church has achieved under its leaders, and in realization of the enrichment of our lives which has come about through participation in the church's services and activities." We are deeply indebted to these young people not only for the picture, but for the kindly spirit in which they have remembered us.

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Officers and Committees of Riverside Church Organizations

We are publishing in this issue of THE CHURCH MONTHLY, as is our custom each Fall, a list of the officers of the various auxiliary organizations of the Church, together with the committees appointed by these respective groups. The Church officers and committees will be published in the January issue so that the lists will reflect the actual situation in the Church for the year 1942.

Board of Ushers

Chairman . . . . . Robert Walmsley
Vice-Chairman . . . . . Oscar W. Irvin
Assistant Vice-Chairmen . . . . . Elon Adsit
Cyril O. Bratley, Colba F. Gucker, Deacon C. Hunt, Arnold W. Wetsel
Recording Secretary . . . . . Albert C. Uthe
Corresponding Secretary . . . . . Frank S. Somerby
Treasurer . . . . . Cyril O. Bratley
Attendance . . . . . Raymond Z. Fahs
Robert C. Gibbs
Collections . . . . . Jansen K. Hoornbeek

ASSIGNMENTS

Nave

Oscar W. Irvin, *Vice-Chairman in Charge*
Assistants to Vice-Chairman
Cyril O. Bratley, Deacon C. Hunt
Right Center Aisle, Front . . . . . Frank S. Miley
Left Center Aisle, Front . . . . . George N. Sage
Center Aisle . . . . . Ambrose R. Clark
Northeast Door, Entrance . . . . . Edward Nelson
Northeast Door, Inside . . . . . Elbridge Gatewood
Northwest Door, Entrance . . . M. Gerhard Dokken
Northwest Door, Inside . . . . Harold W. Hegeman
Nave Doors . . . . . Dana H. Johnson
Frederick L. Westover
Left Center Aisle . . . . . James F. Hoge, *Capt.*
Elon B. Adsit, James A. Farmer, Harry P. Fish, Alexander Hamilton, Vincent M. Munier, J. Arthur Planteroth, Paul B. VanDyke, Arnold W. Wetsel
Center Aisle . . . . . Chester H. Stevens, *Capt.*
Frank Barrett, Jr., George S. Carr, Charles R. Conklin, Howard C. Houston, Jr., John G. Kauderer, A. Robert Munro, Merton A. Nicholas, Nelson D. Thomson
Right Center Aisle . . . . . Elmer M. Olson, *Capt.*
LeRoy Campbell, Perry C. Edwards, Albert E. Gubelmann, Colba F. Gucker, Hugh R. Hawthorne, Robert L. Scott, Gray H. Twombly, Albert C. Uthe
Left Side Aisle . . . . . Henry B. Arnold, *Capt.*
Herbert M. Butler, Alvah E. Taylor
Right Side Aisle . . . . . George B. Kemp, *Capt.*
Arthur E. Albrecht, Edward F. Stanton, Jefferson W. Tatum

Balconies

Bettis A. Garside, *Assistant to Chairman*
Stanley H. Renton, *Assistant to Chairman*
First Balcony . . . . . Burr A. Robinson, *Capt.*
Edwin A. Arnold, Robert Buckles, Jr., William T. Camp, Lewis E. Sparrowe
Second Balcony . . . . . David A. Weaver, *Capt.*
Frank Brown, Walter G. Gustafson, John B. Little, John W. Ogletree
Triforium . . . . . John E. Lewis, *Capt.*
Frank Willetts

Narthex

Frank S. Somerby, *Assistant to Chairman*
Dana H. Younger, *Assistant to Chairman*
Roy N. Anderson, Alfred D. Beck, Albert B. Church, Charles B. Gwynn, Angus Shaw McCabe

Cloister Stairs and Chapel

Elbert M. Wood

Special Assignments

Roy Babcock
Joshua W. Davies
Hubert A. Howson
George B. Kemp
Howard B. Kemp
Lewis M. Leisinger
Charles W. Marlow
Benjamin O. Nelson
Benjamin S. Slinn

The Riverside Guild

THE COUNCIL

Walter Ristow, *President*
Miss Esther Conklin, *Vice-President*
Miss Carol Metz, Ellis Grell, R. Nielson Hinds, Miss Julia Campbell, Miss Bette Wallace, Miss Eleanor Riddle
Miss Mary deGraff, *Secretary*
John Tannhauser, *Treasurer*

The Parents' Fellowship

President . . . . . Frank Somerby
Vice-President . . . . . Mrs. Gray H. Twombly
Secretary . . . . . Charles Saperstein
Hostess Chairman . . . . . Mrs. H. L. Forkner
Social Chairman . . . . . Mrs. Howell Gwin, Jr.

Men's Class

Leader . . . . . Eugene C. Carder
President . . . . . Daniel Chase
First Vice-President . . . . . Hanford Hardin
Second Vice-President . . . . . Deacon Hunt
Secretary . . . . . Charles T. White
Treasurer . . . . . George B. Kemp
Assistant Secretary . . . . . William Juillerat
Assistant Treasurer . . . . . John Yungert

Committee Chairmen

Annual Dinner . . . . . Harold W. Hegeman
Attendance . . . . . Charles T. White
Cabin . . . . . Harold W. Hegeman
Coöperation and Service . . . . Charles R. Conklin
Entertainment . . . . . A. Robert Munro
Guide Service . . . . . Elon B. Adsit
Membership . . . . . William Juillerat
Messenger and Publicity . . . . . Raleigh Dodson (temporary)
Music . . . . . Robert Gibbs
Nominating . . . . . Charles R. Conklin
Public Speaking . . . . . Raleigh Dodson
Readers' Club . . . . . Frank Squyer
Reception . . . . . B. W. Barnwell
Recreation . . . . . Hanford Hardin
Visiting . . . . . Ray Yates
Weekly Supper . . . . . Hanford Hardin
Historian . . . . . Philip E. Everett
Assistant Historian . . . . Harry VanLandingham

Business and Professional Women's Club

President . . . . . Miss Frances A. Hallman
Vice-President . . . . . Mrs. Gertrude Bowman
Recording Secretary . . . Miss Sophie Frances Haase
Corresponding Secretary . Miss Katherine C. Ashman
Treasurer . . . . . Miss Eva M. Edwards

Honorary Members

Mrs. Harry Emerson Fosdick
Mrs. Eugene C. Carder
Mrs. C. Ivar Hellstrom
Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Committee Chairmen

Benevolence Program Leaders:
Community . . . . . Miss Constance Ball
National . . . . . Miss Ruth Busteed
International . . . . . Miss Mary McHenry
Service Fund . . . . . Miss Mary E. Wilson
Dinners . . . . . Miss Clara Patten
Dinner Tickets . . . . . Miss Elizabeth Powers
Finance . . . . . Miss Katherine Sherrill
Flowers and Tables . . . . . Miss Alice Opperman
Miss Martha Henneberger
Home Entertainment . . . Miss Abbie Lou Wiggins
Hospitality . . . . . Miss Dorothy J. Livermore
Hostess for Monday Night Activities
Miss Mildred Tucker
Literature Table . . . . . Miss Grace Moulton
Membership . . . . . Miss Estelle Kelsey
New York Excursions . . . . . Miss Phyllis Freck
Opera Tickets . . . . . Mrs. Zona M. Griswold
Picnics . . . . . Miss Lyda H. Gardner
Property . . . . . Mrs. Gwen Brown
Publicity . . . . . Mrs. Robert C. Gibbs
Refreshments . . . . . Miss Lillian Hazard
Riverside Lodge . . . . . Miss Elma Jane Peek
Stamp Collecting . . . . . Miss Nell Hagaman
Summer Programs . . . . . Mrs. Marion S. Pelley
Sunday Luncheons . . . . . Miss Helen M. Russell
Theater Parties . . . . . Miss Mary L. Stockwell
Winter Sports . . . . . Miss Anne Glover

Interest Group Chairmen

Arts and Crafts . . . . . Miss Marjorie K. Horton
Bowling and Ping Pong . . . . Miss Myrtle Crooks
Church Benevolence . . . . . Miss Helen French
Folk Dancing . . . . . Mrs. Karla Solovieff
Rhythmic Gymnastics . . . . Miss Ruth Fensom
Special Events . . . . . Dr. Irma Lee Jackson
World Affairs . . . . . Mrs. Bessie Boise Cotton

Representatives to Other Organizations

Foreign Students . . . . . Miss Laura Vossler
International Affairs Committee of the Women's Bible Class . . . . . Mrs. Bessie Boise Cotton

Women's Bible Class

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Index to Volume XV

November, 1940—October, 1941

SERMONS

Page

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Living Under Tension (Nov.) 3
God Talks to a Dictator (Dec.) 23
The Inescapable Judgment (Jan.) 43
How to Stand Up and Take It (Feb.) 63
The Past Speaks to the Present (Mar.) 83
Winning the War of Ideas (April) 111
When Prayer Means Power (May) 131
When Great Events Make Common Tasks Seem Trivial (June) 151
Christian Faith—Fantasy or Truth? (Sept.) 171
A Clean Life in a Soiled World (Oct.) 191

PRAYERS

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Pages 9, 29, 48, 69, 89, 117, 137, 157, 176, 197

ARTICLES

Dr. Conklin Retires After Forty Years of Aid to New York's Sick Children (Nov.) 11
London Under Fire (May) 138
The Foreign Student Committee of The Riverside Church, by Edgar J. Fisher (May) 140
On Understanding the Refugees (May) 143
Can You Get Me a Maid? by Mary Baker (Sept.) 182

DEPARTMENTS

Benevolences
The Benevolence Committee Reports (Nov.) . 12
"My Day" in Santo Domingo—Our Benevolence Committee Presents Mr. Barney Morgan (Nov.) 14
Riverside Church and Columbia Campus (Dec.) 33
Hospitalization Without the Hospital, by Dr. Harry Aranow (Feb.) 71

Page

Our Young People of the Church School Discover Their "Neighbors," by Jessie Johnstone Lute (June) 158
Neighborliness on the Hill, by Alva Hammarskold (June) 161
Are Foreign Missions Worth While? (Sept.) . 177
Educational
The Church School Staff (Oct.) 198
Finance
The One Hundredth Anniversary Retirement Fund—Why and What Is It? (Dec.) 30
Budgets of Yesteryear (Jan.) 49, 52
Budget Presentation (Jan.) 50, 51
Benevolence Budget of Riverside Church (Jan.) 53
Pithy Points in Dr. Fosdick's Budget Sermon of Jan. 12 (Feb.) 76
The Church Envelopes (March) 105
Music
Behind the Scenes With The Riverside Church Choir (June) 164

ACTIVITIES

Needlework at Riverside (Dec.) 35
T. Raymond St. John, Chairman (Dec.) 40
Report of the Special Committee on Organization and Program of The Riverside Church (Jan.) 56
One Hundred Years (Feb.) 74
The Church and Men in the Service (Feb.) 80
The One Hundredth Anniversary Service (March) 91
The Program on Wednesday Evening, February 12 (March) 97
The Riverside Pulpit (March) 107
Builders (Anniversary Week) (April) 118
The Historical Exhibition (April) 126
Men in Service (Sept.) 186
Seven Wednesday Evenings With Dr. Fosdick (Oct.) 200

GENERAL

Page

Hymn for November (Nov.) ... 16
St. Paul's Cathedral Saved Again (Nov.) ... 20
Christmas Greeting (Dec.) ... 22
Hymn for December (Dec.) ... 36
Thinking About the Hymns (Feb.) ... 78
A Story of the Hymn, "Lord of Our Life and God of Our Salvation," by Eloise R. Griffith (May) ... 146
Thanks—in America, by Grace Patton (June) ... 166
The Church Register (Sept.) ... 180
Membership of Riverside Church (Sept.) ... 188
The Church Register (Oct.) ... 201
Keeping in Touch (Oct.) ... 202
Poem, by Rabindranath Tagore (Oct.) ... 203
Acknowledgment (Oct.) ... 203
Officers and Committees of Church Organizations (Oct.) ... 204
Index to Volume XV (Oct.) ... 206

THE LATCHSTRING

Pages 17, 37

EDITORIALS

Pages 60, 108, 128, 148, 168

ILLUSTRATIONS

Exterior

Frontispiece (Nov.) ... 2
Frontispiece (Feb.) ... 62
Springtime in the Church Garden (May) ... 130
Frontispiece (Sept.) ... 170
Solitude (Oct.) ... 190

Organizations and Activities

Nursery School Children in the Church Yard (Dec.) ... 32
Combined Choirs in Rehearsal for the Candlelight Service Held on Dec. 22 (Jan.) ... 42
Group in the Assembly Hall (March) ... 90
Snapshots Taken on Family Night, Feb. 12 (March) ... 96, 104
Frontispiece (April) ... 110
Snapshots from the Pageant "Builders" (April) ... 119, 120, 121, 124
A Corner of the Exhibit (April) ... 127
Hierlooms of Riverside Church Members (April) ... 127
The Board of Ushers (May) ... 142
A Senior High School Group in a Not-Too-Serious Mood (June) ... 160
Diagram of Choir Seating Arrangements (June) ... 165

Persons

Dr. Charles R. Conklin (Nov.) ... 10
Robert G. Andrus (Dec.) ... 33
T. Raymond St. John, Chairman, Board of Deacons (Dec.) ... 39
Dr. Fosdick (Feb.) ... 62
A Typical Henry Street Nurse (Feb.) ... 70
Thomas B. Armitage (Feb.) ... 75
Dr. Fosdick Taken During Anniversary Week (March) ... 82

General

Christmas Seal (Nov.) ... 13
Fifth Avenue Baptist Church (Feb.) ... 75
The Easter Sunday Sidewalk (May) ... 145
The Flight Into Egypt (June) ... 150
Riverside Church and the Community Service Society Work Together for the Protection of Family Life (June) ... 163
Illustration from "Can You Get Me a Maid?" (Sept.) ... 184

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CATCHING UP

Our people have been frequently reminded of the rather extensive housekeeping job that is the responsibility of the building staff of The Riverside Church. The summer season here is utilized much as it frequently is in one's own home. The rooms are redecorated, rugs are cleaned, drapes are cared for, etc., etc.

But it is not only the building that requires particular care in the church situation. It is amazing what can happen to address files during one short Summer. "Moving Day" on October first is well nigh a catastrophe in the life of a file clerk handling such a list of addresses as we are responsible for.

An additional matter is before us this Fall that causes us some embarrassment. Only last month we published a list of all the men of our congregation whom we knew to have joined the armed forces of the U. S. A. Now we are discovering that some of these men have already returned to civilian life, having been discharged because of passing the age limit; some have been promoted and their new and advanced rank calls for a recognition which we will be pleased to give in future listings; some have changed from one arm of the service to another and many have been transferred from one camp or assignment to another. We do want to keep in touch with them all and hope that relatives and close friends will help us to keep abreast of a fast-changing situation.

Right now we have the following additional names for the list:

CHARLES B. GWYNN	Battery "B," 8th F. A.
First Army H. Q.	Observation Battery
Governors Island	Fort Sill, Oklahoma
ENSIGN ROGER LYON	CHARLES E. REED
Bremerton, Washington	Co. I, 53rd Q. M. Reg.
E. CLIFFORD MARTIN	Fort Bragg, N. C.